

survive, it must return to the ideals, to the sentiments which Henry and Jefferson voiced in language immortal—to the ideals which Washington fought for, which Lincoln and hundreds of thousands of battling Americans died for. There is a white slavery to be crushed as well as black slavery.

The little boys and girls who are wearing their young lives out in the sweatshops of the North, and in the cotton mills of the South; the poor working girl, dragging her life out at two and three dollars a week, her virtue and honor pursued at every step—these are slaves more miserable and unhappy than the black woman driven to the cotton fields.

There is absolutely no hope, in my opinion, that either of the old parties will rectify existing evils—the evils of their own bad natures.

Then let us welcome the advance guard of any party which has humanity for its battle cry. With this sentiment as its motto, it cannot go far wrong.

It is high time that a new party come to the front—a party made up of that long line of toll-men who carry the dinner pail—who grudge in the grime of mine, and in the smoke of mill; who wipe their sun-burned brows in the sultry harvest field; who speed the iron horse through the gloom of night, who sit by the bed of pain, and minister to disaster while they listen to the griefs of poverty; of the thousands upon thousands who sit idle in their offices, or discouraged, tramp the streets and highways in humbled pride, vainly looking for something to do. A government can always rest secure in the hands of those who toil and sacrifice and suffer, because labor exalts, and suffering breeds sympathy.

I want to say again, when I speak of the toilers, I mean the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant and the educator, as well as the section-hand, and the shop girl.

The Present Prosperity.
With the help of nature which has been bountiful in crops, and with the out put of newly discovered mines, most men can obtain employment of some kind—that is if they have not passed the deadline of 45 or 50.

Wages have been advanced in some few directions from 2 to 10 per cent, while the cost of living in every direction has advanced 15 to 35 per cent.

This is called "prosperity." The present conditions arising from foreign demand of our productions from the gold output and general good crops, the Republican party credits all to itself.

The Republican party credits itself even with the acts of Providence. When Nature smiles, and blesses the land, when she stays the heat and sends the shower, it is all done in approbation of Marcus Antonius Hanna & Co. The Republican party has gobbled up God Almighty, and made him silent partner of the "Christian gentlemen" whom he has selected to distribute (at their own price) everything that is in air, on earth and under earth, which is a necessity to man kind.

God is not on the side of the Democratic party, when it does attain control, to have to tear up Republican corruption and stink, and bear all the blame of having made it.

When Harrison stepped out, the country was in a critical financial situation. A panic was already on, but they managed to smother the conditions until after the election, and thus bequeathed all their mismanagement and burdens of hard times upon the Cleveland administration; and they have never ceased croaking about those four years of financial depression—the result of their own mismanagement.

Blind Indifference of the Masses.
There is nothing so difficult as to lead the masses to see and comprehend public conditions. Their political gods are idolized as much as their religious gods. Corruption is practiced right before their very eyes and they refuse to see it; or seeing it, condone it, and pass it for all right.

At the present time, the balance of trade is against us. Wall street is short of gold. A panic was on hand a few weeks ago among the stock gamblers. We were on the eve of an election. It would be fatal to Republican interests should a financial calamity be precipitated at such a time.

What was done? The Secretary of the Treasury, upon his own authority, took thirty million dollars in gold, the money of the people, and loaned it to the stock gamblers, to tide Wall street over a crisis. Such a thing was never done before. Is not this a most dangerous precedent? But who is making any kick about it? As stated above the people won't see, or see, humbly submit to the outrage.

Several years ago the Louisiana lottery was stopped, and laws made prohibiting all such made of gambling. But of recent years newspapers all over the country have been running guessing contests for prizes, which are lotteries in character, and which have not the honor, chance and fair dealing of the Louisiana lottery. Three Cincinnati papers have been running these prize guessing contests on the recent vote in Ohio.

The largest was conducted by the Cincinnati Enquirer, which offered prizes amounting to \$107,000. It took in \$2,000,000.

It is commonly reported and openly declared upon the streets of Cincinnati that men high up in political life are in this deal. It is also claimed that the lottery was run by permission of the postal authorities. Every one knows that it is a lottery pure and simple, that it is a direct violation of the lottery laws. What mighty powers then have been at work to trample upon this law? Is any one so ignorant as to suppose that the powers that be would permit John R. McLean to make this \$2,000,000 in defiance of the law without getting a whack at it themselves?

What Will Comstock Say and Do About It?
Why he dare not open his mouth. He will shut his eyes to this high open crime, and for a victim, he will sneak around until he finds some poor woman, friendless and defenseless,

lone and living in a garret—a woman of high ideals and whose heart throbs for human suffering—a woman who would scorn to earn a living by a gambling contest, and throw her into prison and drive her to such desperation that life becomes intolerable and she commits suicide.

Time Ripe for a New Party.
Now my reader do you not think that it is high time that a new party supplant these two rotten and swindling institutions known as the Democratic and Republican parties? Have they not been defiled long enough? And when any principle or government becomes defiled, don't you know that it becomes Devilish? The more God the more Devil every time.

Wouldn't any party, any political creed, arising from the common wants and heart impulses of a patient long suffering people be better than these two corrupt ancient institutions? Did you ever know of a reform initiated by plutocracy? Was America made a republic by a tilted aristocracy? Is France a republic today by virtue of the Bourbons, or by virtue of the Robbais—that is the Laborer—the common people.

Ah, you make a mistake, when you see corruption upon every hand—a millionaire Senate—the ballot prostituted, capital oppressive, gambling in the necessities of life, the rich growing richer and the poor poorer, battles sent to the factories, men made subjects, power centering in corporations, and a general tendency backward to imperial conditions, if you spurn the warning voice and heed not the heart cries of the common people.

Plutocrat and Widow.
Look about you, I have enumerated but a few of the woes upon us. That of taxation, perhaps, is the most oppressive of all.

The Gas Company of Cincinnati, with a capitalization of \$28,000,000 pays taxes on \$2,000,000. The Street Railway Company with a capitalization of \$25,000,000 pays taxes on \$2,000,000, or eight per cent. The widow who owns a little frame shack pays taxes on sixty per cent of the value of her property. These are but two items. Multiply these by the same conditions in every city throughout the land, and the enormity of the steal becomes monstrously appalling. Who pays the taxes, which these thieves ought to pay? Why, the farmer, the property owner, the merchant, the laborer.

Why is it that these corporations are not made to pay their just share of taxation?

Why they own and control the newspapers and the legislators, and the courts and the police.

Still there are many good people who either think this is all right, or are indifferent to it, and who look upon Socialism as a dangerous experiment. Is it possible for Socialism to worse matters, or make them even half as bad?

Poor, weak human nature! How slow and painful is it groping forward toward the light; now on a step, then back a step, then on again, with a mad rush, impelled by some new suffering, then back a space, but on through pain and toil, through blood and tears.

In a recent speech in this city Senators Foraker and Hanna came boldly out dedicating the Republican party to the trusts. Mr. Foraker declared that "the country has only seen the beginning of these combinations of capital." The trusts, he declared, "are legitimate (without standing the Sherman law makes them criminal) and they are here because the people demand them." These are his exact words.

"The People Demand Them."

He should have specified. What people? The farmer, the mechanic, the laborer, the physician, the preacher, the printer, the lawyer, the artisan, the small manufacturer, the retail dealer, the school teacher, the professor, are these the people demanding the trusts? Look about you. Are any of your neighbors demanding trusts? Do you know of any, or who would invite you to his home, who is demanding trusts?

Who Are the People Demanding Trusts?
Why, men who are tinctorious through and through with selfishness, whose gluttonous maws can never be filled, men who have already more money than they can spend, whose own actual wants if they should live a hundred to a thousand years, and who still cry more! more! more!

If there be any one redeeming thing connected with the trusts, it is this, they will force labor likewise to combine; they will teach labor the importance of organization. Labor will learn and profit from their methods, but it will be at the cost of bitter pain and sacrifice.

At last the struggle for supremacy was precipitated. The first question to be settled will be that of municipal ownership of those properties which should belong, by natural rights, to the people. The fight is already on. The Socialistic spirit is infectious and its spread is world-wide.

The people are beginning to understand that when the wealth of the nation is gathered in the hands of a few it will be used for the benefit of the few.

Prominent Testimony.
Rev. Parkhurst recently declared: "While I do not predict revolution, labor will free itself if necessary." Mutterings of the same nature are being heard on all sides, not from the man with the shovel and pick alone, but from the professors in colleges, from the professions, from the merchant, and from the property owner.

Tabbi Hirsch, the noted Chicago divine and scholar, declares that: "We are in the midst of the same conditions that obtained in France and which brought on the Revolution." "Right now," he declares, "we are standing over a volcano which may burst forth with all the force of Pelee. The security of the men who despise the down-trodden burden bearers is a fancied security. In times past the police and military forces of the country have been willing to protect them. They forget that these

forces are drawn from the very ranks of the people they are oppressing and that their sympathies are naturally with their own people. If they continue to disregard the wishes of the people, and to fling insults at them, the time will come when their call for protection will fall upon unheeded ears."

Prof. Benjamin F. Terry, of the University of Chicago, in a recent discussion on the subject of "Modern Problems in the Light of History," said: "The wealth of the country has increased enormously, but it is becoming concentrated in the hands of comparatively few individuals. Only in the days of the early Empire and late Republic of Rome was it possible for individuals to amass in a few years such enormous fortunes as they do in this country today. Having exploited the wealth of the great middle class, we are now drifting into the second stage. It may be progress, but it is progress over a precipice.

"Small investments no longer pay. The small manufacturer is no longer prosperous. As a result there is not an Eastern or Western state that has not a score of stranded towns and villages once prosperous in small industries.

"The small farmer is no longer able to earn a living in competition with the man who does his farming by telegraph, and whose huge farms of 60,000, or even 80,000, acres produce annual dividends to stockholders. I cite these opinions of eminent and conservative men that it may not be said that my statements are the mutterings of a lone Agnostic and alarmist.

Evils engraft themselves upon a nation like vices upon the individual, insidiously and slowly. The evil of imperialism through the concentration of wealth is creeping into the life of this nation, as insidiously and sure as did that of the evil of slavery. The masses always pool-pool the danger until it directly affects them. The observing individuals who point it out are set down as cranks and alarmists.

But upon all sides, the warnings are now being given, not by the laborer who nurses his grievances in moody silence, but by men high up in the professional and educational world—men driven out of both whole sale and retail business and other occupations.

The march of a general party disintegration is plainly observed. The drift is toward a new party—a party of the people.

This drift is toward the Socialistic sentiment, which like all untied theories, may have possible vagaries; but having humanity and justice at heart, these vagaries will rectify themselves as the party advances.

Anything, any party at all, is better than either of the two dominant parties. It is impossible for a new party, desirous of obtaining the commendation of honest people, to practice the selfishness and corruption of the old parties.

That Republican government, as now administered, is a roaring farce, should be plain to every wide awake individual.

Plutocrats may gamble in the necessities of life, and the Secretary of the Treasury may place the people's gold in their hands, when they get caught short, and the government thus become a party to the gambling, but it won't do for two poor little nigger boys to be caught playing craps on a doorstep.

A Howling, Howling Farce
It all is, and every American, having the love of country in his heart, and the uplifting of humanity as his aim, should cut loose from the corruption which besets him in present day politics and come out for any people's party which presents an honest front against injustice and corruption.

The good times are about over. The balance of trade is now against us. The market is getting over-stocked with manufactured articles. Good crops do not always come, and gold mines fail. The conditions are not one whit better in the present prosperity; for the rich are getting richer, faster than ever before. Seven years of hard times and three years of good times is how it is generally managed. When the stomach is full one day, it forgets its emptiness for the seven previous days.

It is in the nature of things that the fittest shall survive; but in the administration of the American government, it is now a case of

The Toughest Shall Survive.

In my opinion there is a tacit understanding between the kings of the earth, the priests of the earth, and the money powers of the earth to hold on to keep the people in servitude.

Those Liberals are short skates and show-brokers who imagine that there is nothing but superstition to fight; and those Socialists are equally short-sighted and slow who imagine that there is nothing but Plutocrats to fight.

The King and Plutocrat fatten the Priest, until he is broad enough to hide both of them with his back.

All three are linked enemies of mankind. They stand or fall together. But the Church is the biggest trust of them all, hiding the rascality of the other two, and cloaking them with respectability.

Socialism, like Democracy, is the slow growth of many years. It will grow wider as it advances, and shape itself to the necessities of the times. In a modified form, it will ascend to power, with the same certainty that Democracy rose above Aristocracy.

But the fight will not end there. Socialism does not begin to cover the whole ground. It is only a step in the march of progress. It falls short as previously stated, of those high ideals advocated by

The National Liberal Party
And which ideals must and will be attained if the nation continues to march forward. The men who imagine that the solution of the economic problems, solves the whole trouble, looks no farther than the man who imagines that prohibition would solve all the miseries of government.

The ideas of such a man are narrow labyrinths illuminated by Jack-

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lanterns. But is well to gain one point at a time.

Science, not superstition must become the arbiter of the thoughts of men. The absolute divorce of church and state, and the taxation of church property must be secured.

All laws granting class privileges must be abrogated. We must free the press and mails from party and religious censorship.

Woman must be given an equal voice in all governmental affairs. We must have no subjects. Every citizen must be a sovereign citizen, and all other principles upon which a secular and free government must rest, be made firm and secure.

The National Liberal Party embraces all the practical principles of Socialism, and these besides. It sees in Churchism as great, if not greater menace than Plutocracy.

It has made an humble start, and it will pass through all the trials and discouragements endured by other organizations in their infancy. Its progress, like that of Socialism, will be weary and slow—even slower, because the conditions which affect the pocket, appeal to men quicker than the principles which affect morals, patriotism and justice.

I do not prophesy, nor look forward to a time when a distinctly Freethought party will govern.

Owing to the diversity of race, climate and human nature itself, a party representing the diversified interests of all must sway.

A distinctly Freethought party would be as impolitic as a distinctly Christian party. Ignorance forever, will have to be contended with.

But I look forward to and prophesy the time when Freethought will have progressed to the point, that it will dominate all parties, and will, in fact, be the governing power. This is inevitable, or the theory of Evolution is wrong.

The National Liberal Party may live awhile, then decline—again advance—again recede—only to start again with new life and vigor; for the principles promulgated by it, must live under some party name, or other, and grow and flourish through many adversities, and triumph in the end.

Truth and justice ever shed their purest effluence "round the heart-sones of humanity, which—melodious, molten, fledged with golden light, wing steadfast from star to star.

J. B. WILSON, M. D.
Cincinnati, O.

DRIVEN INSANE BY FEAR OF HELL.

Danville, Ky., Nov. 13.—Mr. Archer Harmon, a prominent and substantial farmer, was adjudged insane, before Judge Prewitt and ordered sent to the Lexington Lunatic Asylum. Five weeks ago he came to the conclusion that he was going to hell, and worried until he became a raving maniac. He tore the plastering from his residence and demolished everything in sight.

Comment.—I do not believe that any sane man can become insane from the fear of hell, but having become insane from some other cause, it is quite natural that he should suffer from the fear of hell.

No sane man can believe in hell, and making lunatics suffer from the fear of hell is a crime that ought to be punished.

We frequently hear of cases of people being sent to asylums under the influence of the preaching of certain men. All such preachers should be arrested and punished.

No man has any more right to ruin the mental health of another, by things that he tells him than he has to ruin the physical health of another by giving him poison.

277

IS THE NUMBER OF COPIES OF "DOG FENNEL IN THE ORIENT" SUBSCRIBED FOR TO THIS DATE.

"BEHIND THE BARS: 31498."

My Book That I Wrote in the Penitentiary.

"Behind the Bars: 31498," is the title of an autobiographical book I wrote while I was a government prisoner in the immense penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; the figures "31,498" being my prison number.

Nothing else can so give one an idea of my eventful life as does this book.

It is neatly bound and seems to be regarded as quite readable.

For sale at this office—Price \$1.00, or given as a premium for every 5 on club at the 50-cent rate.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

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W. C. BINKARD, G. P. A., CINCINNATI

ABOUT D. M. BENNETT'S TRAVELS IN THE ORIENT.

Capron, Ills., Nov. 23, '02.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:

Dear Sir: In the publication of my letter and your comments you say you did not know Bennett wrote a book on Palestine. After Mr. Bennett came out of the penitentiary his friends sent him around the world. About 29 years ago he published his travels in four volumes, about 800 pages each. The first half of the second volume is devoted to Yalley's or God's country.

He traversed every spot and place of any interest. It is a very elaborate write up of that country, from the fact that so many had written about it from a Christian standpoint. We have no better works in our ranks than D. M. Bennett's. He visited every country in the Orient and gave an exhaustive account of them. I do not see how a man could have written so much in the time he took to do it, and it is all interesting from start to finish.

The work was subscribed for in the same way as yours. He had over 500 subscribers at \$5.00 each, and a good many were sold beside those. I do not know whether there are any for sale now. Very truly yours,

W. I. FOX.

A FOLLOWER OF MY GRANDFATHER WANTS TO HEAR MY SIDE.

Northview, Mo., Nov. 22, '02.
Blue Grass Blade:

Esteemed Editor:—Please find enclosed 50 cents for which move up my date for six months. By that time I want to get up a club for the B. G. B. I also subscribe for your contemplated book, "Dog Fennel in the Orient."

I am a follower of your great, grand and noble ancestor, Rev. Barton W. Stone, but I like to hear both sides of any question, and I believe you are fully competent to take care of your own side. I am an admirer of such writers as Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Cloze, but not of Mary Mae Lane.

The impression that I got of Mary from reading extracts of her book is that she is such a concocted and bigoted feminine that the existence of this world with most all its progress and advancement before she was ushered into it, is a wonder to her.

She can't understand how it got along so well without her.

If you should ask her what she thought about this or that she would say she did not care a d— for it, and she would say the same of the editor of the B. G. B. knowing that he has used his name liberally in boosting and advertising her. If it had not been for the B. G. B. thousands never would have heard of Mary. For all that Editor Moore has done for her she did not have gratitude enough to show her appreciation of him for his effort in her behalf by subscribing for his paper. Now the paper goes to her free by one of the B. G. B.'s subscribers digging up the subscription price for Mary.

The plane upon which Mrs. Henry writes is as much above that of Mrs. Mae Lane as the Rockies are above the Mississippi Valley.

If I would bet I would wager that Mary don't subscribe for "Dog Fennel" for she is satisfied that she knows it all and can't be taught.

Yours,

J. S. CANTRELL.

SEND FOR YOUR BOOK.

Winerva, Ark., Nov. 16, '02.

Dear Bro. Moore:

I am a poor man with a large family, but am doing the best I can for the cause. I got you 5 new subscribers some time ago and think I will get some more soon. I did not ask for the premium, not that I did not want it, but because I thought I would save that much for you until I got able to buy "Behind the Bars."

Yours for Freethought,

HIRAM BREWER.

Gainesville, Ga.—Put me down for one Dog Fennel—J. S. BASHAW.